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"Such things are made at home," we answer flat—
The *original*—he did not get it yet!

Well, let us all such foreign subjects change;
Come now, and soar above your usual range;
To Bishop's-gate* we'll march, if you think fit;
Where many a bloated—loan-contracting sinner
Sits down to gorge himself, at annual dinner
Given in honour of his *idol*—Pitt!

See *Canning*—when the sparkling glasses ring
With health of *Berd'nand*, "*Spain's most lawful*
"king."[†]

How graciously he'll rise, and make a speech!
On *British generosity* descant—
About—"a *universal people*"—rant,
And on *official secrets wisely preach*!!!

* *Austria* (with our assistance (next he'll tell 'em)
"Must take the field—no matter what befell 'em.
And then convince them all beyond denial
That—"though she could not hope to win, 'twas
"right to make the trial."

The trial she has made, to her own cost,
And like *Sir Cranstoun's elfin dwarf*, may say
As *Walter Scott* hath written—in the *Lay*
Of the last *Minstrel*—"Lost—lost—lost!"

Well, gentle *Imps*, your modesty is great,
"We are not prophets, sir,"—you erst did state,
Then how the vengeance did you come to know
The evast of such things so long ago?

"Lord, sir, 'bout Europe many a grievous task
"You've given us, pray why do you not ask
"About *America* and its embargo?"

"There's many a pretty ambo-dexter story,
"Which we could mighty feastly lay before you,
"Respecting naval stores—and neutral cargoes.

Edentecullo, 7th June, 1809.

CALDERONE.

To be continued.

INSENSIBILITY.

ON BEING RALLIED FOR NOT GRIEVING AT
THE DEPARTURE OF A FEMALE FRIEND.

MY tenderest feelings! ah, where are they fled?
Those sweetest sensations, say, are they all dead,
Say, am I no more for a dear friend departed,
To weep, and to sigh, and to feel broken-hearted.
There once was a time I could sigh and could weep,
And thought that my grief was both cruel and deep,
The scenes all around me produced nought but pain,
Till my friend should return to these scenes back
again.

When the trees were all dripping with fine April
showers,
And the sun shone upon them, and spangled the
flowers,
I thought that my friend with new force could in-
spire

* To the London Tavern, we presume.

† Either the minister or the poet must be quizzing;
is not Charles the Fourth living?

My fancy to see all these charms, and admire.
Or when in full concert the birds sweetly sang,
Their songs were divine, yet they caused me a pang
Or in that fine season when active and gay,
Youth reap the ripe corn, or toss the new hay;
I thought if my friend a fair witness had been
"Twould add a new charm to the plentiful scene;
Or yet in those days when encircling the fire
Our wits, and the wits of our friends should conspire
The dull face of winter to cheer and adorn,
And forget that all nature is sad and forlorn;
'Then sad and forlorn in the circle I sat,
Because my fair friend was not near me to chat;
My hours were fill'd up with some joy or some sorrow
Still hoping or fearing the events of to-morrow;
But in kindness to age which has not but troubles
Those fanciful evils appear but light bubbles,
To prepare me for evils my passions are going;
No more are my joys or my sorrows o'erflowing.
If I wish for a friend I can patiently wait,
Till she chooses to come, whether early or late,
And when she departs I can scarce heave a sigh,
I kiss, and shake hands, and my eyes remain dry.
At first when I found that my feelings were gone,
The rapture they caused I could not but bemoan;
But now I'm resign'd to esteem as light bubbles
Both rapturous joys and fanciful troubles.
May the milder affections still reign in my breast,
Enjoying the present, and hoping the best;
Then if real affliction should visit my mind,
In calm resignation sweet peace may I find,
But oh! may I feel the griefs of a friend,
Or my late acquit'd coldness soon come to an end!

FLORA.

WRITTEN ON A LITTLE SUMMER-HOUSE,
CALLED THE SOLITAIRE.

AND didst thou not know 'twas my
favourite retreat,
When retiring from bustle and care,
In the stillness of Silence to take here
my seat,
'Midst the quiet of this Solitaire?

But 'tis lock'd, and an entrance I can-
not obtain,

And the thought that now thrills on
my ear
May be lost in the mazes of business
and gain,
Unimproved in this chaste Solitaire.

I remember the day I first enter'd this
room,

The lawn was new-shorn, soft and
fair,

And the treasures of summer diffus'd
a rich bloom,
Shedding fragrance *dans tout* Solitaire.

Then I thought of the days, when to
gladness and joy,
My heart alone panted sincere.

When the dawns of reason peep'd
 forth in the boy,
 To give zest to the scene, Solitaire.
 Now around this white feminine mansion
 so neat,
 May the pink and the violet appear,
 May the snow drop of spring, and the
 cyclamen sweet,
 Scatter perfumes round this Solitaire !
 Be the walk that leads down from this
 charming retreat,
 The resort of the Nightingale rare ;
 May the blackbird and bullfinch here
 nestle their seat,
 And the linnet sing sweet Solitaire !
 To entice from the house, in this season
 of joy,
 The mother and daughters so fair,
 To the scene of calm comfort without
 an alloy,
 Embosom'd in this Solitaire.
 May the spirit of Sadness be far from
 this dome,
 And angels protecting be near,
 Where the stranger and poor, as of
 yore, find a home ;
 Now adieu to my friend's Solitaire.

INSCRIPTION,

PROPOSED FOR THE MONUMENT OF LOCKE.
 "Who made the whole internal world his own."
Thomson.

RAPT Reader, if thou seek'st to under-
 stand,
 What wondrous powers obey the human
 mind ;
 If Reason bid thee Superstition brand,
 And Freedom fire thee to befriend man-
 kind.

If thy instruction, up through Virtue's
 path
 To Honour's dome, the aspiring pupil
 guides :
 And if thou find'st that genuine Christian
 Faith,
 With Nature's law completely coincides,
 Approach, anblam'd, and venerate the
 shrine,
 Of sapient LOCKE, the world's free mind-
 ed friend,
 Who spurn'd the prince that claim'd a
 right divine,
 And the false priest, whose conscience strove
 to bend.

And, with his god-like spirit for thy guide,
 While his firm statue seems the act to
 eye,
 Kneel down and swear, "that neither
 force nor pride
 Shall cause thee from his principles to
 fly.

But that, should Wrongs be felt and
 Factions spread,
 Protecting Truth, thou'lt wisely onward
 press,
 'Till radical Reform shall end the dread
 Of wild Revolt, and peace the People
 bless."

And now—may all who on his valued
 page,
 Shall fix their eye, or here admiring
 stand,
 In Wisdom's walks seek glory, like the
 Sage,
 Who gain'd this tribute from his
 grateful land !
Ballycarry.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

LITERATURE has felt the effects of
 the war, from the interruption of the
 intercourse between us and the Con-
 tinent. But as, in consequence of the
 present renewal of commercial in-
 tercourse with Holland, the foreign
 literary journals have arrived in En-
 gland, we have, without loss of time,
 availed ourselves of the assistance of
 a gentleman in London, and now lay
 before our readers some literary in-
 telligence from the Continent. Among
 which are the late proceedings of the
 French National Institute. We are

also making arrangements for pro-
 curing further interesting literary as-
 sistance from England. We trust
 those exertions will convince our
 Readers of our resolution to render
 the Belfast Monthly Magazine de-
 serving of the encouragement it
 has hitherto received, and stamp
 it with the character for originality,
 which we are desirous it should sup-
 port.

THE celebrated Campe has pub-
 lished the first volume of his Ger-
 man Dictionary. It contains more than